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## TRACY TREMMEL.

The Varied Experiences of the Blue Jay Mess.

ON THE PICKET LINE.

Thirst for Gore Brings on Much Trouble.

THREE HOURS OF MISERY.

A Taste of Col. Satterlee's Discipline.

BY JOHN McREYNOLDS.  
Author of "Andersville: A Story of Southern Prisons," "A File of Infantrymen," "The Red Accents," "Reminiscences of an Army Music," etc.

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## LETTER XVI.

## "AN AFFAIR OF THE PICKETS."

AN INTERCHANGE OF OFFENSIVE COMPLIMENTS—JOB CARTWRIGHT'S ATTEMPT TO RESENT INSULTS ALMOST PRECIPITATES A BATTLE—PUNISHMENT VISITED ON THE BLUE JAYS.

CAMP DEFIANCE,  
NEAR LEWISVILLE, VA., NOV. 15, 1861.

EAREST MOTHER:  
A day or two after the occurrence mentioned in my last, quite a body of rebels showed themselves on the crest of the opposite hill. This caused considerable excitement among us. The long roll was beaten, and we hastily got into line and stood ready to oppose any farther movement.

This they did not attempt to make, but after standing there confronting us for some hours, disappeared behind the crest of the hill, leaving strong outposts similar to those we had posted on our hill. As the days went by the conduct of these would become more and more aggravating. They would come out in the open space, where they would be in plain view, shake their fists, make all manner of taunting and contemptuous gestures, yell "Vienna," "Big Bethel," "Bull Run," "Ball's Bluff," "Wilson's Creek," etc., at us, and brag what they would do if we dared to come over and fight them. They promised to not even wait for that, but come over themselves some day and run us "Heaven's bidding" into the Potomac. Job and some of the other boys would almost foam at the mouth sometimes with rage.

One day they brought out a many yellow band, with all the hair scalded off one side, put on him a collar labeled "Abe Lincoln—Bull Run," tied an American flag and a tin can to his tail, and then pelted him with stones until he ran yelping over into our lines. We retorted by rigging up a lame, spavined, one-eyed mule—you know Jeff Davis has but one eye—with a coat of tar and feathers, a hangman's noose around his neck, a rebel flag dragging in the mud from his tail, and a collar labeled, "Jeff Davis—His fate when we catch him." We led him to the bottom of the hill, and started him up toward the rebels, Cad and West hastening him on with well-directed pebbles, while the rest of us yelled vociferously.

Day before yesterday Job got so rolled up by their demonstrations that he determined to let them have something more effective than bad language. Our company was on outpost duty that day, and we of the Blue Jays were stationed on the main road. Telling the rest of us to keep the attention attracted of the crowd immediately in front of us, which was going through the usual offensive routine, Job took Quinn with him, and crawled up a deep gully which ran down from a point considerably to the left of the obnoxious squad. Bricks, stones and mud growing along the edge of the gully afforded a pretty good screen for the two, and by going slowly and carefully, most of the time on their hands and knees, they at last got up within long musket range of the yelling, gesticulating gang.

RETURNING THE COMPLIMENT.

We watched our boys with the greatest anxiety, but with much care to avoid directing the attention of the rebels to them. At last we saw them, near the head of the gully, rest their guns on bowlders and blaze away. It was very comical to see the rebels jump and scatter as the shot rang around them, and then run back, yelling "Yankees! Yankees!" at the top of their voices. The distance was so great that none of the shots took effect. None of the rebels had guns with them at the time, but an instant later they came

running back with their weapons, and began popping away at Job and Quinn, who were coming back down the hill as fast as their legs could carry them. We all got excited at this, and running forward to good places to fire from, began banging away at the fellows who were firing at our boys. The firing became quite lively, but we were too far apart for anybody to be seriously hurt. The long roll beat in our camp, and



A HARD PUNISHMENT.

pretty soon we heard the voice of our Colonel on the hill-top bringing up the regiment at the double-quick. We could also hear the long roll beating in the rebel camp, and soon a formidable line of graycoats appeared on the crest in front of us.

We all stood firing as if with one consent, for the immensity of a regular battle started us. Col. Satterlee rode down to the outpost where Lan, Herman and I had rallied, and inquired:

"What is the occasion of all this disturbance?"

"We got worked up by the taunts of those fellows over there," I answered, "and Job Cartwright and Quinn Bohannon, whom you see coming, tried to slip up on them and shoot some of them. They began firing at Job and Quinn, and we began shooting at them to drive them back."

"Anybody hurt?" he asked sharply.

"Not yet, sir, I believe."

"At this moment Job and Quinn came up, very red in the face, and breathing hard."

"If the plucky old blunderbuss 'd hit a darn-doo across the road," said Job, "I'd blowed one long-haired skunk's head clean off his shoulders. I'd as fair beat him as I ever had on a squirrel; but you can't hit nothin' with these old smoothbore fuzes."

"O'd a thundering sight rather trust me, self, with a good blackthorn stick in me fist," panted Quinn.

"What business had you men attacking those rebels without orders?" asked Col. Satterlee in harsh tones.

"What business attackin' 'em?" said Job in astonishment. "Lord, ain't that what we're down here for?"

"No, sir," thundered the Colonel. "You are down here to obey orders, that is all. If I order you to attack or to retreat it is your business to do it, but not otherwise. It is intolerable insubordination and impudence for you to do as you have done. Blue blazes, just think of the infernal impudence of an enlisted man taking it upon himself to open an assault upon the enemy and precipitate an engagement! It is the most outrageous thing I ever heard of. Men have been shot by a drumhead court-martial for much less. I would be justified in shooting you myself, without waiting for a court-martial. You do not know what harm you may bring about by your infernal meddlesomeness."

"You have no idea how aggravating they were, Colonel," I interposed, hoping to stay the torrent of his wrath. "Every day they have insulted and belittled us, until it became unbearable."

"What in blazes have you to do with insults?" he snarled at me. "It's none of your brimstone business. You were not posted out here to teach the enemy good manners. You were put on duty to watch him, to keep his scouts out of camp, and to give notice if he advanced. So long as he did not do that you had no more to do with what he did or said than you had with the footings of the owls. I'll give you a lesson on this to-morrow that you'll remember as long as you live, and I shall make the Officer of the Guard swear to it. Who is he?"

I was dismayed at the fresh trouble we were likely to bring on Ezra Grimsdell. He had been at the reserve in the rear, lying down, when the trouble began. As luck would have it, he came up now, overflowing with earnestness about the fight, and ignorant that anything had occurred to incur the Colonel's displeasure.

"Are you Officer of the Pickets to-day, sir?"

"Yes, sir."

The Colonel was too thoroughly military to give him a scolding in the presence of his men. He merely bestowed a withering glance on him and said:

"Then you are responsible for this senseless disturbance. Hand your sword to the Adjutant, sir, and go to your tent in arrest."

Ezra looked dumfounded for an instant, and then began to unbuckle his belt. A thought occurred to him:

"If there's going to be a fight, Colonel, let me stay with my company until it is over."

I thought I saw the Colonel's face soften at this, but he said coldly:

"You heard my order, sir. Hand your sword to the Adjutant, and retire to your tent."

fight with a musket along with the rest. I shall not submit to it, sir."

How we all wanted to give him three cheers. He looked splendid, as he stood there, his slender form erect as a statue, his handsome, almost girlish face flushed, and his hazel eyes glistening like diamonds.

The Colonel hesitated an instant, and then said in his cold, metallic voice:

"The order of arrest is suspended until guardmount to-morrow morning."

Then to us:

"You men join your company. Report to-morrow morning at headquarters for punishment."

"Report to-morrow morning," thought I, as I surveyed the rebel line of battle on the hill-top; where, in Heaven's name, will some of us be to-morrow morning?"

For at least an hour we stood in ranks, leaning on our muskets, and watched the rebels, who likewise stood in ranks, leaning on their muskets and watched us.

It became apparent to us that our Colonel had no idea of leading us across the valley to attack them, and presently it seemed equally clear that they had no idea of coming across the valley to attack us.

"It's a case of one's afraid an' the other dastent," said Job.

"Place rest," commanded the Colonel.

This released us from the rigid and tire-some rank formation, and allowed us to sit or stand around with some freedom, it only being required that we keep near our places, so that we could form instantly.

The rebels apparently received the same command, as they began to lounge around as we did; and so the afternoon passed.

As darkness came on the regiment built fires, rations were brought up from the camp, we had supper, and the pickets were again deployed in the front. The rebels also built fires, and kept them burning brightly till past midnight.

I was much excited over the possibility of their making a night attack upon us, and I determined to remain awake and be ready. But I was very tired. I sat down on my blanket by a warm fire, holding my loaded gun between my knees. Presently, I thought, I would be more comfortable and just as ready lying down, so I spread my blanket out, and I stretched myself upon it, with our guns by our sides. I was soon fast asleep, and I knew no more until the next morning, when I was informed that the rebels in front of us had all disappeared during the night.

We found this entirely true. Their campfires had died out, and there was not a soul to be seen on the hill-top. Later on a dark day came in, when the rebels had "all done good to Fairfax County."

We marched over and found the hill deserted. Black chunks and smoldering embers where the campfires had been, some cast off rags, heads, hides and offal of slaughtered cattle, and such other features, were the only traces of the formidable host which had confronted us the night before.

The deep quiet of the woods was only broken by a flock of gray crows and some buzzards flying about.

It was sometimes safe to joke with Job Cartwright, but not now. He might have known that this was not one of the times. Before the words were fairly out of Hukens's mouth, Job changed his musket to his left hand, and with his right knuckled him sprawling.

"That expresses my own sentiments to a dot," said Quinn, knocking over Hukens's partner, who stood grinning at his chum's wit.

The prompt interference of the Sergeant of the Guard was all that prevented a general riot.

Your loving son,  
(To be continued.)

FITZ-JOHN PORTER.

Capt. Wray's Rejoinder to Comrade Carpenter.

NATIONAL TRIBUNE: In the May 25th issue of your valuable and "good as gold" paper, Comrade George W. Carpenter, 2d Minn., Fargo, N. D., in his article on Malvern Hill, says that I was "strangely, if not singularly silent regarding the man who commanded in that action," and goes along in a very able manner, presumably from information obtained from official records, and newsgotten of response of that day, in paying a deserved tribute to Gen. Fitz John Porter, as the commander who fought the action at Malvern; expressing his regret that the vindication of Porter on his conduct at Second Bull Run, and assailing the findings of the first court as a proceeding of Judge Lynch.

Why I should be taken as an occasion for silence in regard to Porter as commander at Malvern Hill, I am at a loss to know; for while I had access to the official records and did not know him, he was not a stranger to me. I was merely a personal recollection as a participant in that action—a humble contribution to the unwritten history of the war.

In the comrade's zeal for Porter he might have given him full credit as an efficient officer, without claiming for him in the Peninsula campaign that which was as justly due the other corps commanders—Sumner, Heintzelman and others, of whom displayed marked ability in that campaign.

As one of the old Potomac Army he had and always will have a great admiration for Fitz John Porter as an able, brave and efficient officer, and would respect his right to a halt on the parade-ground. "All of them step one pace to the front."

"There was only one man made any trouble," said Job, defiantly, as he stepped out one pace and presented arms. That was me. Hero I am.

"He forgave me," said Quinn, stepping up alongside of Job and presenting arms. "I was right alongside of him, though he mayn't be aware of it."

"I was free of us," affirmed Herman, pacing up and bringing his gun out in front of him. "I was deo vobis."

"Herman, you were excited, and couldn't count correctly," expostulated Lan, following the example of the others. "I was there, and you know it."

"And I too," I asserted, taking my place on Lan's left, and presenting arms.

Our situation was changed from anxious to wearisome, then annoying, and finally aggravating. We shifted our guns from "shoulder" to "right-shoulder-shift," "left-shoulder-shift," "support," and back again, in order to rest ourselves and occupy our minds. Job alone did not shift his. He was getting angrier every minute. He put his gun up to a "support," and kept it there, without moving a muscle, though his eyes said terrible things. The rest of the regiment took an active—too active—interest in the matter. The boys would stroll past in squads, looking at us with impatient curiosity, and making such comments as:

An hour passed, it seemed a week, and we were still standing there, while the Colonel and his companions finished their meal, produced cigars, and seated themselves on camp-stools in front of the tent for a deliberate smoke.

Our position seemed maddening. Any punishment was better than this, which at first seemed so easy.

"I'll blow that damned Colonel's head off before I'm a month older," muttered Job, so loud that I trembled lest the threatened man should hear it. If he did he gave no sign, but went on calmly eating and commenting.

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## GETTYSBURG.

Complete Analysis of the Official Records.

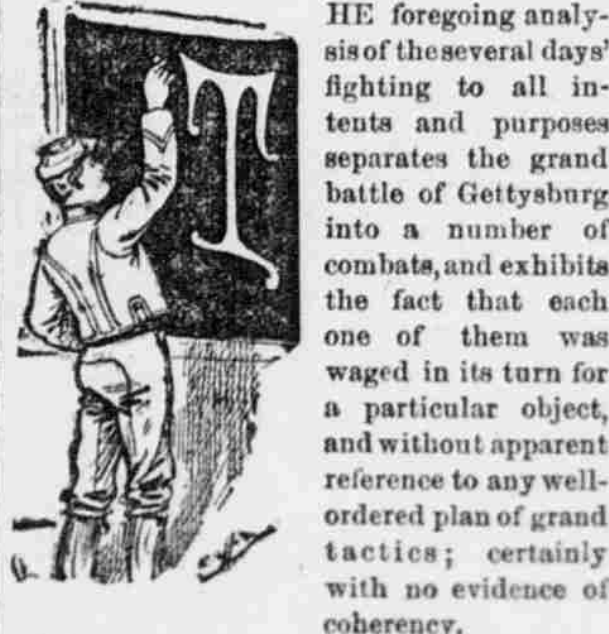
FACTS AND FIGURES.

A Great Battle Fought in Detail.

GEN. LEE'S BLUNDERS.

The Actual Strength of the Forces Engaged.

BY BUELL.



## II.

HE foregoing analysis of these several days' fighting to all intents and purposes separates the grand battle of Gettysburg into a number of combats, and exhibits the fact that each one of them was waged in its turn for a particular object, and without apparent reference to any well-ordered plan of grand tactics; certainly with no evidence of coherency.

The first day's battle was precipitated simply by a collision between Reynolds, with the First and Eleventh Corps, and Buford's Division of cavalry, on our side, and Hill and Ewell, with the divisions of Heth, Pender, Early and Rodes, of their respective corps, on the other side. As a combat it grew from a skirmish to a battle without either comprehensive tactics or definite objective, and it had no result except the destruction of several thousand excellent troops on both sides. From the fact that Reynolds made his dispositions as if to cover the town, it would appear that his intention was to hold it; but it is not easy to see what military value the town could have had for us. Though Reynolds died early in the fight, he had lived long enough and made sufficient dispositions already to force his successor to "fight it out on that line" for that day at least. On the other hand, the rebels made their attack in a manner equally destitute of apparent objective, unless their Generals saw at once the value of Cemetery Hill, and were trying to seize it. But there is no evidence of any such purpose on their part, either in their movements after they had driven us from the original field or in their reports of operations. So, if our Generals wanted to hold the town they failed, and if the Confederate Generals desired to effect a lodgment on Cemetery Hill they fell short. It only remains to be added that the battle of the first day was fought by corps commanders on both sides, and without the slightest intervention on the part of either Commander-in-Chief of whom one arrived at sundown and the other at midnight, after the battle of the day was over.

ON THE SECOND DAY

a clear and definite objective was developed, namely, on our part to hold the line of Cemetery Ridge, and on their part to force or flank us out of it. But while the tactical purpose was clear, its execution was attempted with but little more than one-third of the force Lee had, and there is nothing in history, as told by the Confederate commanders in their reports, to indicate that they had any comprehensive plan for following up or improving a partial success, if they had gained one. A thought is suggested by these facts which may have some bearing.

Gen. Lee had just won the battle of Chancellorsville through Stonewall Jackson's celebrated flank movement. Now, that movement was simply a piece of luck, for it would not have succeeded in one case out of a hundred, under the ordinary conditions of battle. But it did succeed at Chancellorsville, and the fact of its success, with the attendant results, had filled the Confederates, from Generals to drummer-boys, with that overestimate of their own prowess which, in slang phrase, is commonly termed "the big-head."

They had won quite a number of great battles—in fact, had never yet been severely defeated in one; but they had always been fighting defensively. Chancellorsville itself, though won by a bold offensive blow, was in all other respects a defensive battle. It may, therefore, be fair to assume that the rebels, through want of experience in that line, were unable to estimate the difference between assailing good positions and being assailed in them; that, flushed with repeated success in defensive battles, they overestimated their power in attack, and thus wasted their forces in detail, hoping and expecting to triumph at Gettysburg, as they had done at Chancellorsville, by some "lucky scratch."

The losses of the two armies, taken by brigades, afford an instructive study of the consequences of fighting a great battle in sections or by detail.

UNION LOSSES.

First Corps, First Brigade..... 1,133  
Second Brigade..... 1,002  
Third Division, First Brigade..... 648  
Second Brigade..... 585  
Third Brigade..... 331  
Light Artillery Brigade..... 105  
Total..... 6,002

Second Corps, First Brigade..... 320  
Second Brigade..... 198  
Third Brigade..... 338  
Fourth Brigade..... 359  
Total..... 1,215

Third Corps, First Brigade..... 1,105  
Second Brigade..... 677  
Third Brigade..... 897  
Fourth Brigade..... 148  
Total..... 2,827

Fourth Corps, First Brigade..... 577  
Second Brigade..... 533  
Third Brigade..... 289  
Fourth Brigade..... 132  
Total..... 1,531

Fifth Corps, First Brigade..... 84  
Second Brigade..... 84  
Total..... 168

Reserve Artillery, A. N. Y..... 6,619  
Total..... 80

The heaviest losses by brigades were those of the First Corps, 1,133 (also the largest by percentage), and of the Fourth Corps, 1,215. The heaviest percentage loss was that of the 26th N. C., Pettigrew's Brigade, Heth's Division, 558; all killed or wounded, none being captured. This was the greatest loss suffered by any regiment of either army at Gettysburg in numbers, though the percentage was 83, or less than that of the 1st Minn. Two companies of the 26th N. C. were totally wiped out on the field of battle, not one man in either one of them afterward reporting for duty!

The Union army had 52 infantry brigades, of which 48 were more or less engaged, whose average strength was 1,420 men and their average loss 425. The Confederate army had 39 brigades, whose average strength was 1,540 and their average loss 518.

It has already been shown that one whole brigade and 14 regiments of the Union army escaped loss. No brigade or regiment of the Confederate army escaped wholly. The smallest regimental loss was that of the 12th Miss. of Foy's Brigade—seven wounded. The heaviest loss of any Confederate battery was Foy's (Alleghany) Battery, 28.

The Confederate artillery suffered much less than ours, as if their batteries were attacked by our infantry; while in the great artillery duel, as before remarked, they had considerable advantage of position and cover for their teams and drivers.

From these observations it is apparent, first, that the battle was fought in detail; second, that it was fought with a ferocity unparalleled in the annals of war. In order that these propositions may be fully comprehended, it is necessary to remark that from 9 o'clock A. M. July 1, 1863, until 5 P. M. July 3, no considerable body of troops of either army had any cover except that afforded by their own ranks.

"THE NATURAL LAY OF THE GROUND," ordinary undulations, fences, railroad gradings, etc., no special military works being resorted to on either side.

The battle of the first day was brought on by a collision between the skirmishers of Davis's Mississippi and Archer's Tennessee Brigades of infantry on the Confederate side, and Devin's Brigade of Buford's Cavalry Division, on the Union side—the first shot on our side having, by common consent, been fired about 7:30 in the morning from the carbine of Corporal Alphonse Hodges, of the 9th N. Y. Cav. From this time until nearly 10 A. M. the 6th and 9th N. Y., 17th Pa., and a small detachment of the 24th V. Va. Cav., with Calhoun's horse battery (A.), 2d U. S. Art., held at bay the advance of Heth's infantry division, coming in on the Cashstown road.

This was long-range skirmishing, and resulted in the comparatively small loss of 23 on the part of Devin's cavalry, with 12 on the part of Calhoun's battery—which, by the way, remained in position some time after the cavalry had retired and the infantry got in.

Second Division, First Brigade..... 798  
Second Brigade..... 491  
Third Division, First Brigade..... 211  
Second Brigade..... 490  
Third Brigade..... 169  
Light Artillery Brigade..... 106  
Total..... 4,553

Third Corps, First Division, First Brigade..... 740  
Second Brigade..... 741  
Third Brigade..... 490  
Second Division, First Brigade..... 750  
Second Brigade..... 758  
Third Brigade..... 513  
Light Artillery Brigade..... 106  
Total..... 4,108

Fifth Corps, First Division, First Brigade..... 125  
Second Brigade..... 437  
Third Brigade..... 352  
Second Division, First Brigade..... 487  
Second Brigade..... 487  
Third Brigade..... 200  
Third Division, First Brigade..... 155  
Second Brigade..... 55  
Light Artillery Brigade..... 43  
Total..... 2,186

Sixth Corps, First Division, First Brigade..... 11  
Second Brigade..... 2  
Third Brigade..... 0  
Second Division, First Brigade..... 0  
Second Brigade..... 0  
Third Division, First Brigade..... 15  
Second Brigade..... 15  
Third Brigade..... 53  
Light Artillery Brigade..... 53  
Total..... 242

Eleventh Corps, First Brigade..... 527  
Second Brigade..... 778  
Third Brigade..... 348  
Fourth Brigade..... 348  
Fifth Brigade..... 807  
Sixth Brigade..... 807  
Light Artillery Brigade..... 69  
Total..... 3,700

Twelfth Corps, First Division, First Brigade..... 400  
Second Brigade..... 29  
Third Brigade..... 29  
Second Division, First Brigade..... 139  
Second Brigade..... 82  
Third Brigade..... 308  
Light Artillery Brigade..... 9  
Total..... 1,002

Artillery Reserve, First Volunteer Brigade..... 68  
Second Volunteer Brigade..... 93  
Third Volunteer Brigade..... 26  
Fourth Volunteer Brigade..... 26  
Total..... 212

From the above it appears that one brigade in the Union army escaped loss as a whole—the First Brigade, Second Division, Sixth Corps. The following regiments escaped loss: The 12th and 15th Vt. of Stannard's Brigade, Third Division, First Corps. (They were detached, guarding a ferry at Summit Point, First N. J., 5th and 6th Me., 49th and 102d Mich., and 77th N. Y., 5th Wis., and 2d, 3d, 5th and 6th Vt., all of the Sixth Corps.) (The 102d Pa. was left as corps baggage guard at Westminster.)

The heaviest loss suffered by any brigade was that of the First Brigade, First Division, First Corps (the Iron Brigade), 1,133, and the heaviest loss of any regiment was that of the 26th N. C., 558, of that brigade, 383. The largest loss of any brigade by percentage of numbers engaged was also that of the Iron Brigade, 56 per cent., as against 21 for the 24th Mich.

Other extraordinary regimental losses were the 151st Pa., 337; the 149th Pa., 336; and the 26th N. C., 558; in each case over 70 per cent. of those engaged.

Excessive losses of light batteries were the following:

Cushing's A., 4th U. S..... 39 (42)  
Hoyt's B., 4th U. S..... 39 (42)  
Archer's A., 1st R. I..... 32 (36)  
Stedman's B., 1st N. Y..... 26  
Brown's B., 1st R. I..... 26  
Frederick's B., 1st R. I..... 30 (33)  
Campbell's C., 1st Pa..... 23 (31)  
Buel's B., 4th Mass..... 23 (31)

(The figures given in parenthesis represent statements of loss other than those of the "re